



ALL NEW ADVENTURE COMICS!

JULY No. 12 10¢  
AND

# JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME



**JACK'S MOST  
DANGEROUS MISSION...ON  
MADMAN'S ISLAND!**

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# Famous SPLIT-SECONDS IN Sports!



## TRIPLE PLAY!

THE WORLD SERIES OF 1920 FOUND BROOKLYN'S BELOVED DODGERS SQUARING OFF AGAINST THE CLEVELAND INDIANS. IN THE FIFTH GAME, WITH THE SERIES TIED AT TWO VICTORIES EACH, THE DODGERS TRAILED THE AMERICAN LEAGUE SLUGGERS. BUT... BEGINNING THE FIFTH INNING, BROOKLYN'S PETE KILDUFF SINGLED TO CENTER, THEN...

CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER



JACK ARMSTRONG

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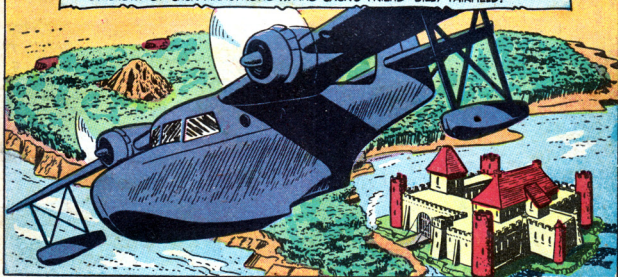
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A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

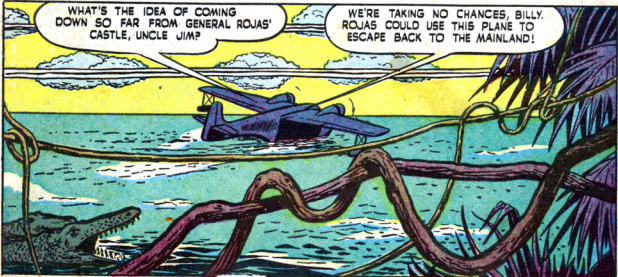
# MADMAN'S ISLAND

A MEDIEVAL CASTLE ON A JUNGLE ISLAND... THIS IS THE WEIRD DESTINATION OF UNCLE JIM FAIRFIELD'S DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT! FOR HERE, A MURDEROUS FANATIC PLOTS WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER—A REPETITION OF THE CRIMES FOR WHICH HE HAS BEEN EXILED TO MADMAN'S ISLAND! TO THWART THE PLANS OF THE MAD CRIMINAL, UNCLE JIM HAS ENLISTED THE KEEN WITS AND WHIPLIKE STRENGTH OF JACK ARMSTRONG ...AND JACK'S FRIEND BILLY FAIRFIELD.



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF COMING DOWN SO FAR FROM GENERAL ROJAS' CASTLE, UNCLE JIM?

WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES, BILLY. ROJAS COULD USE THIS PLANE TO ESCAPE BACK TO THE MAINLAND!





WHEW! HIDING THE PLANE IS HOT WORK!

I'D RATHER DO THIS THAN SWIM BACK TO AMERICA... AND THAT'S WHAT WE'D HAVE TO DO IF THE GENERAL FOUND IT!



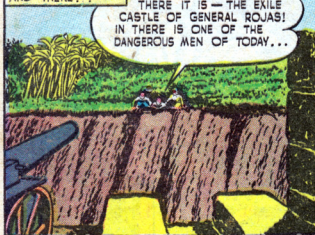
WHY PADDLE? WE COULD HAVE FOLLOWED A JUNGLE PATH TO THE CASTLE!

ROJAS AND HIS MEN COULD BACK-TRACK FOOTPRINTS TO THE PLANE... BOATS DON'T LEAVE FOOTPRINTS!



ABANDONING THE BOAT, THE TRIO PUSH THROUGH THE HOT AND HUMID JUNGLE TO A HILLTOP AND THERE...

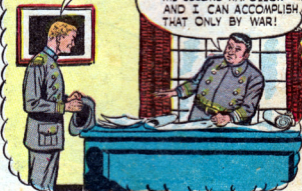
THERE IT IS — THE EXILE CASTLE OF GENERAL ROJAS! IN THERE IS ONE OF THE DANGEROUS MEN OF TODAY...



"AS COMMANDER OF A SOUTH AMERICAN ARMY, ROJAS HAD ONLY ONE GOAL."

GENERAL, YOU MUST CALL OFF THIS MAD MILITARY CAMPAIGN!

NEVER! HISTORY WILL REMEMBER XAVIER ROJAS AS THE SECOND NAPOLEON—AND I CAN ACCOMPLISH THAT ONLY BY WAR!



"GENERAL ROJAS UNLEASHED SAVAGE ATTACKS ON NEIGHBORING COUNTRIES..."

NO ARMY CAN STOP ME; I AM A MILITARY GENIUS!



"MILITARY GENIUS ROJAS MAY HAVE BEEN, FOR HE NEVER LOST A BATTLE. BUT HIS BRUTAL CAMPAIGNS BROUGHT ONLY SUFFERING TO THE PEOPLE..."

FOOD!

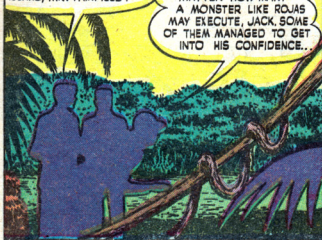
NOBODY HAS FOOD ANY MORE!





HOW DID ROJAS WIND UP IN EXILE ON MADMAN'S ISLAND, MR. FAIRFIELD?

THERE ARE ALWAYS PATRIOTS LEFT—NO MATTER HOW MANY A MONSTER LIKE ROJAS MAY EXECUTE, JACK. SOME OF THEM MANAGED TO GET INTO HIS CONFIDENCE...



...AND ONE NIGHT, WHEN ROJAS WAS BEING GIVEN A HUGE BANQUET...

THE SLEEPING DRUG,—NOT THE POISON!

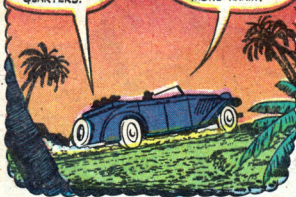
YOU ARE RIGHT! DEATH WOULD MAKE HIM A MARTYR!



...AN HOUR LATER, GENERAL ROJAS WAS UNCONSCIOUS AND ON HIS WAY TOWARD JUSTICE!

WE WILL TAKE HIM TO PAN-AMERICAN HEAD-QUARTERS.

SI! THE COURT WILL PUT HIM WHERE HE CAN DO NO MORE HARM!



...THE SENTENCE WAS...

...EXILE TO MADMAN'S ISLAND! YOU WILL LIVE OUT YOUR LIFE IN ISOLATION, WITH THOSE OF YOUR FANATICAL SOLDIERS WHO WISH TO FOLLOW YOU!

THE WORLD WILL HEAR OF GENERAL XAVIER ROJAS AGAIN!



A YEAR IN EXILE, AND RUMORS BEGAN TO FLY... ROJAS WAS PLOTTING TO RETURN! THE CHIEF CALLED ME IN...

WE CAN'T HAVE ROJAS RUNNING LOOSE—IT MEANS BLOODSHED! BUT NEITHER CAN WE INTERFERE OFFICIALLY!

I UNDERSTAND. I'LL DROP IN ON THE ISLAND "ACCIDENTALLY" AS A PRIVATE CITIZEN...MOTOR TROUBLE... FORCED LANDING!



MY JOB IS TO GET A CLOSE LOOK AT ROJAS' ACTIVITIES AND SEE WHETHER HE INTENDS STARTING ANOTHER CAMPAIGN!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL GET A VERY CLOSE LOOK—HERE COME SOME SOLDIERS!





VICIOUS, MURDEROUS FACES DRAW NEAR...THE  
FACES OF PROFESSIONAL KILLERS!



WHICH DO YOU LIKE  
BETTER, JACK—GETTING  
SHOT OR BEING EATEN!

NEITHER...BUT I  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
WE CAN DO  
ABOUT IT!



SUDDENLY...

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!  
THIS IS NOT SHOWING  
HOSPITALITY TO  
UNEXPECTED GUESTS!



I HEARD YOUR AIRPLANE  
MOTOR COUGHING AND  
KNEW YOU WERE IN  
TROUBLE. ALLOW ME  
THE HONOR OF  
ENTERTAINING YOU...  
UNTIL THE PLANE  
IS FIXED.

I'M AFRAID IT CAN'T  
BE—IT CRASHED INTO  
THE RIVER!

HE'S BEING A  
LITTLE TOO  
NICE!



NOR ARE JACK'S SUSPICIONS UNWARRANTED! FOR...

WHY DO YOU SPARE THEM,  
GENERAL? YOU KNOW  
WHO THEY ARE!

OF COURSE! THE OLDER  
ONE IS JIM FAIRFIELD—  
I'M SURE HE HAS BEEN SENT  
TO WRECK MY PLANS TO  
RETURN TO OUR COUNTRY!



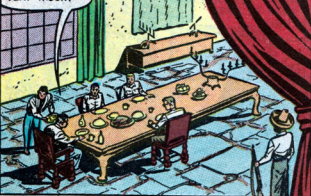
I DO NOT LIKE **MEDDLERS**...AND I LIKE  
EVEN LESS ANYONE WHO TRIES TO INTERFERE  
WITH **MY PLANS**! THE THREE AMERICANS WILL  
DIE...BUT THEY WILL DIE SLOWLY AND  
AMUSINGLY, NOT QUICKLY—  
AS YOU WOULD DO IT!





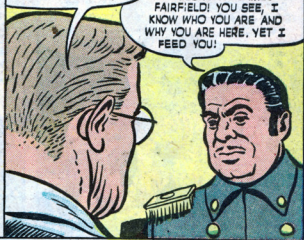
IN THE HUGE BANQUET HALL OF THE GRIM CASTLE, GENERAL ROJAS SPREADS A LAVISH FEAST.

THIS PLANE YOU SAY CRASHED... IT COULD BE VERY USEFUL TO ME. I WANT IT VERY MUCH!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT USE A LOT OF TWISTED METAL WOULD BE.

I DO NOT CHOOSE TO BELIEVE THE PLANE IS WRECKED... JAMES FAIRFIELD! YOU SEE, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE AND WHY YOU ARE HERE. YET I FEED YOU!



...BECAUSE I AM PLANNING TO LEAD MY ARMY AGAIN! SO I WILL USE YOU AS GUERRILLAS HERE ON MADMAN'S ISLAND... AND MY ARMY WILL HUNT YOU! IT WILL BE AMUSING AND PROFITABLE FOR MY MEN!

YOU'RE INSANE!



AM I, MR. FAIRFIELD? HUNTING YOUR BOYS IN THE JUNGLE WILL TEACH ME MUCH ABOUT FIGHTING GUERRILLAS... AND I EXPECT TO MAKE IT UNPLEASANT FOR THEM!

SURROUND THEM!



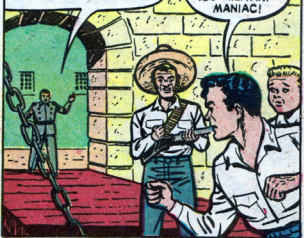
...SO UNPLEASANT THAT THEY WILL LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO THE AIRPLANE YOU HID IN THE JUNGLE! AND YOU, I SHALL KEEP HOSTAGE—TO MAKE SURE THEY DO NOT FLY OFF THE ISLAND!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, BOYS! GET AWAY AND WARN THE AUTHORITIES!



I HOPE YOU TEACH ME MUCH ABOUT GUERRILLA WARFARE—BEFORE YOU DIE!

WE'LL TEACH YOU PLENTY, YOU MILITARY MANIAC!





TERRIFIED, BILLY FAIRFIELD RACES THROUGH THE JUNGLE PATHS!

GOTTA GET AWAY (PUFF) AS FAR AS WE CAN!

ON AN ISLAND, BILLY? CAN'T BE DONE! TAKE IT EASY AND LET'S USE OUR HEADS!



MEANWHILE, GENERAL ROJAS PLANS HIS CAMPAIGN WITH BRUTAL EFFICIENCY.

FIRST WE SEND OUT PATROLS TO LOCATE THE ENEMY. WE USE OUR MEN IN SHIFTS—GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO REST, BUT THE ENEMY MUST BE MADE EXHAUSTED!



ARE YOU KIDDING, JACK? WHY DO YOU WANT ME TO SCUFF UP THE TRAIL?

SO THEY'RE SURE TO FIND US!



I GET IT NOW! THEY TRIP THE STRING, THE OLD TREE CRASHES DOWN... AND A FEW OF ROJAS' MEN ARE OUT OF THE FIGHT!

THAT'S THE IDEA, BILLY. NOT DEAD, OF COURSE—JUST IN NEED OF A REST!



PRESENTLY...

IT WORKED, JACK!

OF COURSE. THE FIRST ONE ALWAYS DOES!

CRASH!

YII!

DOWW!

OUCH!



WHEN THE WOUNDED RETURN TO THE CASTLE...

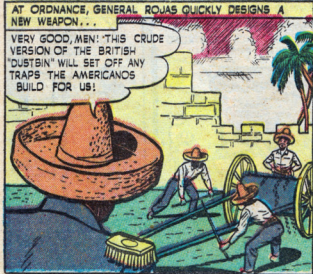
THE TWO AMERICANOS ARE WORTHY ENEMIES—THEY WILL GIVE US VALUABLE LESSONS BEFORE WE KILL THEM! BEWARE OF TRICKERY!





AT ORDNANCE, GENERAL ROJAS QUICKLY DESIGNS A NEW WEAPON...

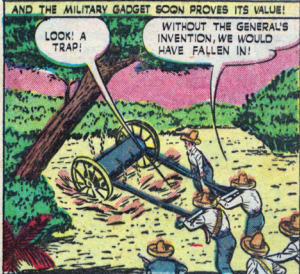
VERY GOOD, MEN! THIS CRUDE VERSION OF THE BRITISH "DUSTBIN" WILL SET OFF ANY TRAPS THE AMERICANOS BUILD FOR US!



AND THE MILITARY GADGET SOON PROVES ITS VALUE!

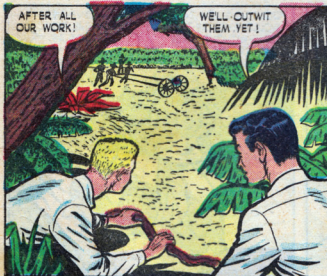
LOOK! A TRAP!

WITHOUT THE GENERAL'S INVENTION, WE WOULD HAVE FALLEN IN!

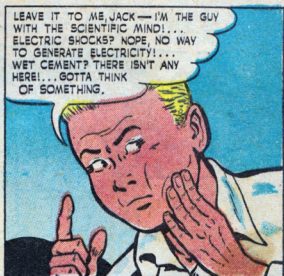


AFTER ALL OUR WORK!

WE'LL OUTWIT THEM YET!

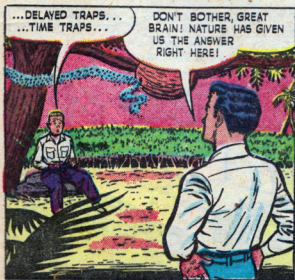


LEAVE IT TO ME, JACK—I'M THE GUY WITH THE SCIENTIFIC MIND!... ELECTRIC SHOCKS? NOPE, NO WAY TO GENERATE ELECTRICITY!... WET CEMENT? THERE ISN'T ANY HERE!... GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING.



...DELAYED TRAPS...  
...TIME TRAPS...

DON'T BOTHER, GREAT BRAIN! NATURE HAS GIVEN US THE ANSWER RIGHT HERE!

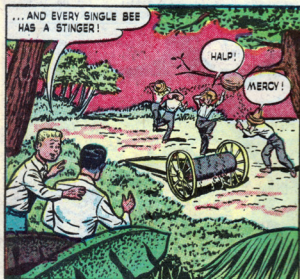


DON'T EVEN BREATHE, BILLY!

HOW'M I GONNA KEEP MY KNEES FROM KNOCKING? THERE MUST BE AT LEAST FIVE BILLION BEES IN THIS SWARM!



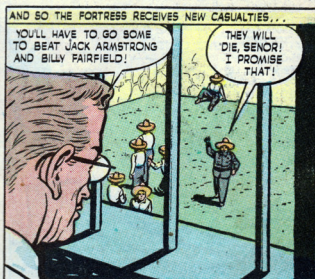




... AND EVERY SINGLE BEE HAS A STINGER!

HALP!

MERCY!



AND SO THE FORTRESS RECEIVES NEW CASUALTIES...

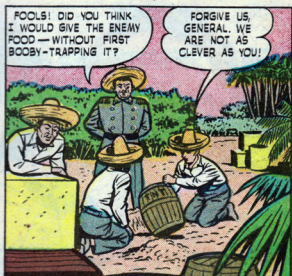
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO SOME TO BEAT JACK ARMSTRONG AND BILLY FAIRFIELD!

THEY WILL DIE, SENOR! I PROMISE THAT!



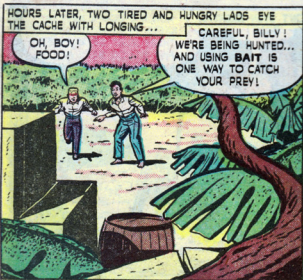
THE POOR AMERICANS MUST BE HUNGRY AND THIRSTY! WE WILL GIVE THEM FOOD!

FOOD, GENERAL? TO THE ENEMY?



FOOLS! DID YOU THINK I WOULD GIVE THE ENEMY FOOD—WITHOUT FIRST BOOBY-TRAPPING IT?

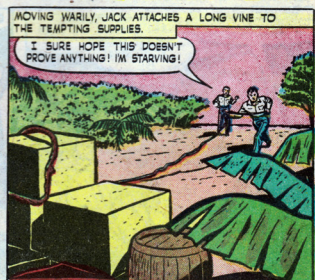
FORGIVE US, GENERAL. WE ARE NOT AS CLEVER AS YOU!



HOURS LATER, TWO TIRED AND HUNGRY LADS EYE THE CACHE WITH LONGING...

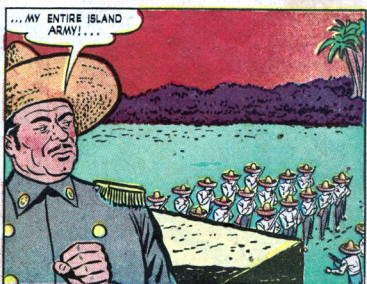
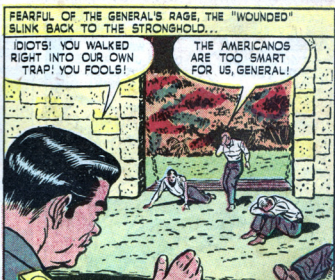
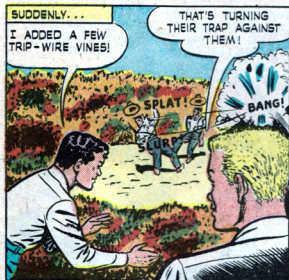
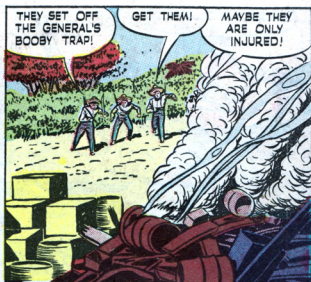
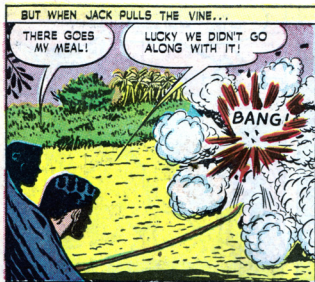
OH, BOY! FOOD!

CAREFUL, BILLY! WE'RE BEING HUNTED... AND USING BAIT IS ONE WAY TO CATCH YOUR PREY!

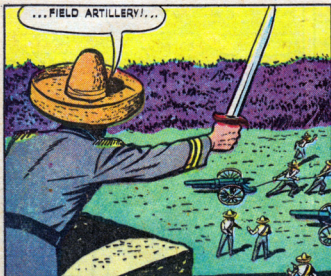


MOVING WARILY, JACK ATTACHES A LONG VINE TO THE TEMPTING SUPPLIES.

I SURE HOPE THIS DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING! I'M STARVING!







HOUNDED, ALL ESCAPE CUT OFF, THE HUNTED PAIR STUMBLE EXHAUSTEDLY BEFORE THE PURSUING FORCES...

CAN'T GO ON, JACK!...  
LET'S GET PLANE...  
FLY OFF...

NOT WITHOUT...  
UNCLE JIM! ROJAS  
WOULD...KILL HIM...  
I HAVE A PLAN!



YOU WANT US TO GO INSIDE THAT CAVE, JACK? WE'D BE TRAPPED! AND WHAT ARE THESE BANANA LEAVES FOR?

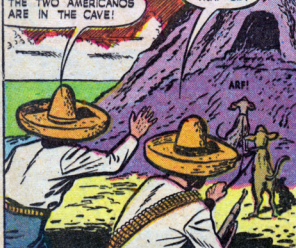
YOU'LL SEE LATER! RIGHT NOW, YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST MY JUDGEMENT!



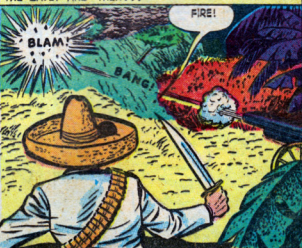
MOMENTS LATER...

THE TWO AMERICANOS ARE IN THE CAVE!

THEY ARE TRAPPED!



SWIFTLY, THE ARTILLERY IS WHEELED UP TO FACE THE CAVE! AND THEN...



BUT THE QUARRY IS NOT IN THE CAVE! JACK'S STRATEGY HAS WORKED...

TERRIFIC, JACK! WE WRAP BANANA LEAVES AROUND OUR FEET...WALK AWAY FROM THE CAVE...AND THE DOGS CAN'T FOLLOW THE SCENT!

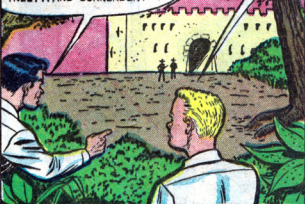
RIGHT! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



A SHORT SWIM AROUND THE ATTACKING FORCES... THEN BACK THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO...

GIVE ME TEN MINUTES, BILLY, THEN COME OUT UNDER THAT TREE...AND SURRENDER!

OKAY!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

HEY, YOU GUYS! I SURRENDER!

CAREFUL! THESE AMERICANOS ARE FULL OF TRICKS!



THE DARK BOY SHOULD BE WITH HIM!

HE MIGHT BE HIDING IN AMBUSH!



ABRUPTLY... AN AERIAL BOMBARDMENT!

AAHH!

OOOFFF!



AND IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS...

I...I DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD ESCAPE!

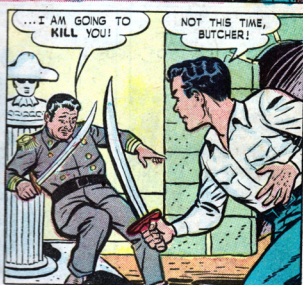
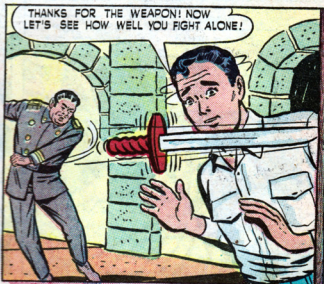
NEITHER DID ROJAS, MR. FAIRFIELD... AND HE'S GOT ANOTHER SURPRISE COMING!



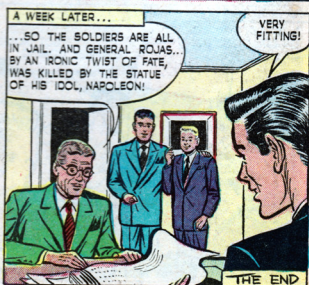
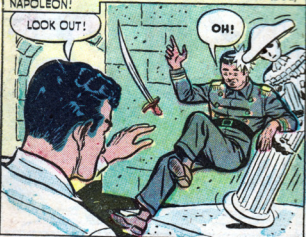
WHERE IS MY AIDE? WHY DON'T I GET COMMUNIQES FROM THE FRONT! AIDE!



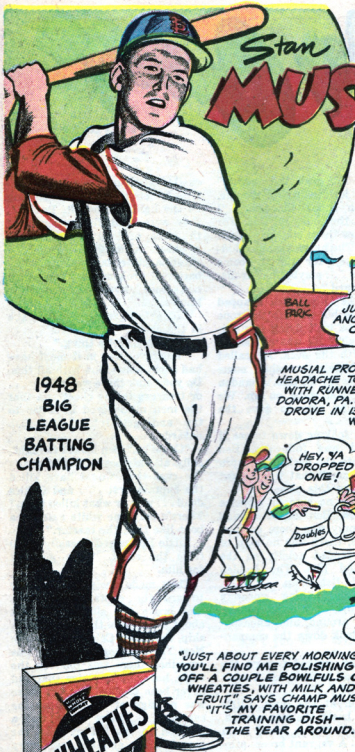




FORCED BACKWARD BY JACK'S EXPERT SWORDSMANSHIP...GENERAL ROJAS...BY AN IRONIC TWIST OF FATE, WAS KILLED BY THE STATUE OF HIS IDOL, NAPOLEON!

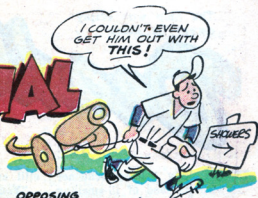


THE END

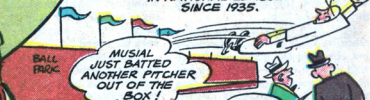


Stan  
**MUSIAL**

1948  
BIG  
LEAGUE  
BATTING  
CHAMPION



OPPOSING PITCHERS SAY STAN "CAN'T BE FOOLED - HITS EVERYTHING!" MUSIAL'S SIZZLING .376 AVERAGE WAS HIGHEST IN NATIONAL LEAGUE SINCE 1935.

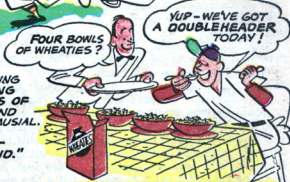


MUSIAL PROVED BIGGEST HEADACHE TO PITCHERS WITH RUNNERS ON BASE. DONORA, PA. "DYNAMITER" DROVE IN 131 RUNS LAST SEASON WITH 230 HITS.



THAT'S OKAY - I STILL GOT MY WHEATIES!

SLUGGING ST. LOUIS CARDINALS OUTFIELDER WON EVERY NATIONAL LEAGUE BATTING HONOR EXCEPT HOME RUNS! (HIS 39 ROUND-TRIPPERS PLACED HIM SECOND.)



"JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING YOU'LL FIND ME POLISHING OFF A COUPLE BOWLFULS OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT," SAYS CHAMP MUSIAL. "IT'S MY FAVORITE TRAINING DISH - THE YEAR AROUND."

**"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



The Ship was empty  
except for some . . .

# Deadly Cargo

by BRUCE ELLIOTT

THE dirty trading schooner with its load of ill-smelling copra luffed toward the shore. The breeze too was coming inshore. Ben Barry pushed his battered toupee onto the back of his head and eyed the boat.

He'd seen many strange sights since he'd left the colder latitudes but this was the strangest. There was no sign of life on the schooner. Not a sound came from it. Ben waited, his eyes slanted against the assault of the tropical sun. Still nothing. Not a native on deck, not a sign of a captain. There was going to be trouble, that was a sure thing. The reefs just off shore were as inviting as shark's teeth and just as deadly.

Ben pushed his toe into the bulk of Little Bob. Bob snorted in his sleep and said muggily, "Huh? Can't you let a man take a nap? It's too hot to talk."

"Wake up, Little Bob. We may have to help."

Grunting and complaining, Little Bob rolled over and looked at the schooner. "She's a goner." He rubbed his eyes and said, "She's not the first one I've seen run up on that reef."

"Maybe, maybe not." Ben ran toward a native canoe that was lying on its side on the beach. "Hurry up."

Bob followed at a more leisurely pace. He was stout and was fond of pointing out that the only way a fat man could live in the tropics was by not moving at all. However, if it was necessary to move, he made it a point to move slowly.

In the canoe the two men worked hard. It wasn't easy to buck the rolling waves that broke just off shore. The schooner was just ahead. A rope ladder hung disconsolately off the deck of the boat. Bob said, "Hold the canoe

still and I'll grab the ladder."

"You're just asking for trouble, Ben." Bob shook his head. "I don't like the looks of this. For all we know there may have been a mutiny. The natives may be hiding, waiting for us to come aboard. Or . . . maybe there's disease on board."

"Don't be silly," Ben snapped as he made his way up the rope ladder. "She isn't flying any distress signals." He was almost on a level with the deck. He called down. "There's probably some good reason for all this. Abandon the canoe and come on up. We may still be able to save the schooner."

Without looking down to see if his friend was following, Ben vaulted onto the deck. The copra gave off a smell that was almost overpowering this close.

There was no sign of violence on the deck. Ben looked around him. Not only was there no sign of violence, there was no sign of life! Bob landed noisily on the deck behind him. The sudden sound made Ben jump.

"There's something uncanny about all this," Little Bob said as he looked around him uneasily. "Did you look down the companionway?"

"No," Ben walked toward the door that lead to the hold. "I don't hear a sound . . ."

With Ben at the door, Little Bob at his heels, the men paused, ears attuned. Not a sound from below deck. A vagrant breeze stirred a line and the sound was like a pistol shot. Outside of that, and the soft patting sound of the water against the hull, there was aching silence.

Ben went down the steps. Little Bob followed like a shadow. Ahead of them a single light flickered eerily. They looked into the fore-

castle. Silent men sat there: Natives, their brown skin shining as the light touched it. But . . . they were dead. In the center of the circle of dead men there was a chest. A dark-brown wooden chest. A chisel lay nearby on the battered, broken chest top which had been wrenched from its hinges.

Little Bob said, "Ben, what's in the chest?"

"Nothing. Not a thing."

"Whatever was in it must have had some connection with all this. Do you think there was money . . . or treasure in the chest and that the men mutinied in order to try and get it?" Little Bob hazarded.

"Could be." Ben looked thoughtfully at the chest. "But if that's the case they would have killed the captain first . . . and if he's dead . . . who or what killed them? There's only one white man on a boat like this, the master."

Little Bob edged uneasily away from the chest. "Let's go look for him."

They made their way silently toward the captain's quarters. Ben broke the silence. "I read about a case like this one time. A ship, the Marie Celeste, came into New York harbor. When she was examined there was food on the table, hot soup in plates that had never been touched . . . but there was no sign of the crew or the captain . . . there never was a solution to that! They read the captain's log and the last entry was that the voyage had been uneventful."

"Well," Little Bob said, "at least we found some men even though they are dead."

They stared at the door in front of them. It was locked. Ben said, "I can't move the door. It seems to be locked on the inside!"



"Gee . . ." Little Bob said. "Could the captain have gone mad, killed the crew somehow and then . . . killed himself?"

"I don't know, there's not a mark on those natives. Come, Little Bob, let's use some of that weight you carry around with you."

The two men joined forces and slammed their shoulders at the door. It creaked but held. "Once more," Ben said. "This time should do it."

Under their combined weights the door gave. It held for a last second and then gave so suddenly it catapulted both of them into the room.

When they had caught their balance they stood stock-still. They had found the captain. The only trouble was that he too was dead. They had found another chest too. This one was smaller than the one they had found in

the forecabin. But it too was open and empty . . .

Little Bob said, "Ben, I want to get out of here. Come on! Whatever was in that chest isn't any more!" He looked at the portholes. They were bolted on the inside. He said, "Ben . . . come on . . . don't you see? Whatever it was that came out of that chest killed the captain . . . and since it couldn't get out the porthole . . . or out through that locked door, it must still be here. It may be a snake . . . or . . . I don't know what. All I know is I want to get away from here."

A slamming, jarring shock cut the words off in his throat. He looked wildly at Ben. "We . . . we forgot the reef! We got so worried about this mystery that we've piled on the reef!"

With the schooner battered by shocks, Ben stood his ground. A worried frown creased his fore-

head. He said, "The captain hasn't been dead long . . . not as long as the crew. I wonder . . ." He put his hand out to the mysterious chest. Little Bob grabbed his hand and tried to prevent him from touching, but he was too late. Ben said, "Cold . . . the chest is very cold!"

He turned and raced after Little Bob who was making his way to the deck. Three seconds later they dove from the rail. The schooner was shuddering as though every movement would be her last.

In the water they swam as fast as they could. It was touch and go as to whether they could get far enough away from the sinking schooner in time . . . so that the vessel wouldn't take them down with her.

Ten minutes later they were on shore. Little Bob was green with fear. "Ben . . . what was it? What killed all those men? And why? Could it have been some kind of evil ghost?"

"It was evil all right. But men's evil. If we hadn't gone to the schooner some men might have made a fortune. But we can put a crimp in their plan when we tell our story to the authorities! Little Bob . . . the owners of that vessel must have insured her for more than she was worth. Then they put those two chests on board. We'll never know what story they told but it was enough to make the captain and the crew curious. They opened the chests . . . The crew in their crowded forecabin with no air . . . the captain in his tightly sealed cabin . . . and death came out and claimed them!"

"But what could it be that killed without leaving a mark and then vanished?"

"I can only think of one thing . . . and the chest being cold tipped me off! Dry ice . . . which is frozen carbon dioxide! It dissolved and deprived them of oxygen and so they died . . ."

Even in the heat of tropical noon, Little Bob shivered. He said, "They came close to getting away with murder. There might have been another sea mystery like the Marie Celeste to worry about! That is, if it hadn't been for you!"



# Famous ATHLETIC KID

LOUISE

## SUGGS

RATED AS ONE  
OF THE BEST  
WOMEN  
GOLFERS

IN AMERICA,  
IS THE DAUGHTER  
OF JOHNNY SUGGS,  
A FORMER PITCHER  
FOR THE ATLANTA  
CRACKERS  
BASEBALL  
TEAM

ALSO WON  
THE  
BRITISH  
AMATEUR  
TITLE  
1948

LOUISE WON  
THE WOMEN'S  
NATIONAL  
AMATEUR  
CROWN  
IN 1947 AND 48

JOHNNY SUGGS  
PLAYED BALL  
IN THE 20'S...  
HAD A NO-HITTER

DOUG and MAX

## BENTLEY

FAMOUS  
BROTHER  
FORWARD  
TEAM  
OF  
BIG-LEAGUE  
ICE HOCKEY

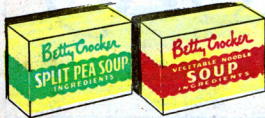
FOUR OTHER  
BENTLEY  
BROTHERS  
ARE  
HOCKEY  
STARS

THEY HAIL  
FROM  
SASKATCHEWAN,  
CANADA





Easy cooking, Mom! Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup cooks in 5 minutes. No fussy fixing with the Vegetable Noodle Soup. Both swell tasting. Thrifty, too. Get Betty Crocker Soup Ingredients. Make school days Betty Crocker Soup Days!



Look! Beautiful silverware just for coupons from Betty Crocker Soups, plus cost of handling, mailing. Queen Bess pattern. Famous Tudor Plate by Oneida Community. Start building a set now. It's easy!

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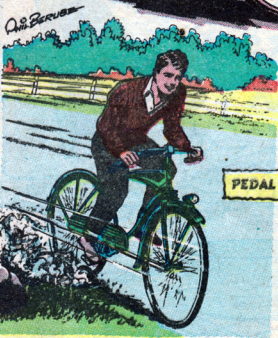


## SPORTS CHAMPS

# 108 MPH ON A BIKE!

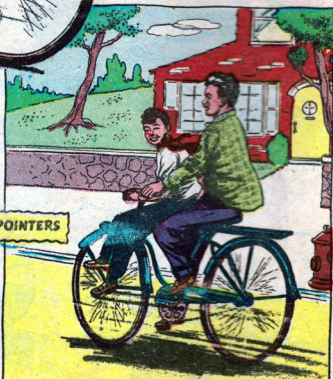
### ALFRED LETOURNER

FORMER SIX-DAY RACING STAR, ONCE PEDALLED A MILE IN 33.05 SECONDS—OR, AT THE RATE OF 108.92 MPH, HIS BICYCLE WAS SPECIALLY EQUIPPED WITH A KING-SIZE GEAR, AND HE WAS RACED BY A RACING CAR OVER A STRIP OF HIGHWAY NEAR BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA.



### PEDAL POINTERS

TO GET BEST RESULTS WITH LEAST EFFORT ON YOUR BIKE — 1. PEDAL WITH THE BALLS OF YOUR FEET. 2. KEEP YOUR KNEES IN. 3. LEAN SLIGHTLY FORWARD.

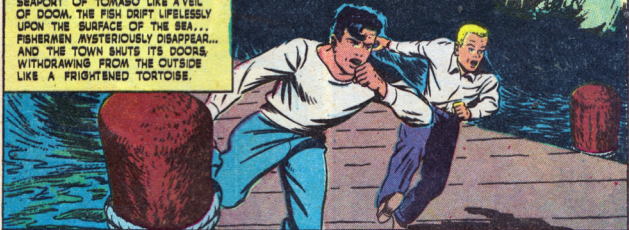


RIDING DOUBLE THIS WAY WILL ALMOST SURELY RESULT IN DOUBLE TROUBLE SOMEDAY, AND REMEMBER — STAY ON THE RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF THE ROAD!

A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

# THE TERROR OF TOMASO SEA

A STRANGE AND UNCANNY HORROR SHROUDS THE OBSCURE MEXICAN SEAPORT OF TOMASO LIKE A VEIL OF DOOM. THE FISH DRIFT LIFELESSLY UPON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA... FISHERMEN MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEAR... AND THE TOWN SHUTS ITS DOORS, WITHDRAWING FROM THE OUTSIDE LIKE A FRIGHTENED TORTOISE.



HEY, DRIVER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH OUR LUGGAGE? I SAID I WANTED TO GO TO TOMASO...AND YOU SAY IT'S TEN MILES AWAY!



TOMASO IS CURSED, SENOR! I GO NO FURTHER!

IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO PAY YOU ANYTHING UNLESS YOU...

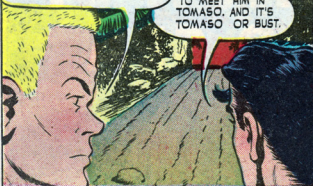


SAY YOU, WAIT A MINUTE! LOOK, JACK, HE'S LEAVING!



THAT'S GREAT! HERE WE  
COME A THOUSAND MILES BY  
TRAIN, BUS, AND A SARDINE  
CAN ON WHEELS AND WE  
END UP ON CORNS AND  
CALLUSES IN NO-MAN'S LAND!

WELL, WE'D  
BETTER GET  
STARTED. UNCLE  
JIM TOLD US  
BEFORE HE LEFT  
TWO WEEKS AGO  
TO MEET HIM IN  
TOMASO. AND IT'S  
TOMASO OR BUST.



BUST IT WILL  
PROBABLY BE! WHAT'D  
UNCLE JIM HAVE TO  
COME WAY OUT HERE  
ANYWAY?

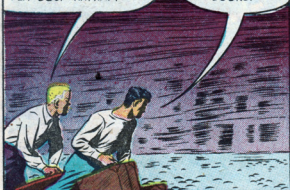
WE HAD TO TEST  
A NEW METAL FOR  
CORROSIVENESS AND  
THE SALT CONTENT  
IN THE AIR MAKES  
TOMASO PERFECT.  
BUT HE SAID THIS  
WOULD BE A  
VACATION FOR US.



LATER...

IF WE WALK ANOTHER  
STEP, IT'S TO MY BURIAL  
GROUNDS! HOW CAN WE  
FIND ANYTHING IN THIS  
'PEA-SOUP' ANYWAY?

I THINK WE  
HAVE! THOSE DARK  
OUTLINES ARE  
BUILDINGS. I'LL  
TRY ONE OF THE  
DOORS.



DIABLO! GO AWAY!  
GO AWAY!

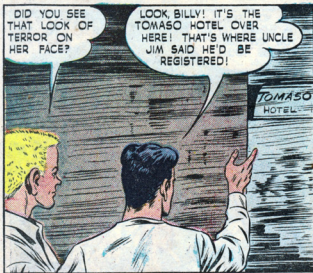
BUT, MAM! I  
ONLY WANTED TO  
ASK IF —!



DID YOU SEE  
THAT LOOK OF  
TERROR ON  
HER FACE?

LOOK, BILLY! IT'S THE  
TOMASO HOTEL OVER  
HERE! THAT'S WHERE UNCLE  
JIM SAID HE'D BE  
REGISTERED!

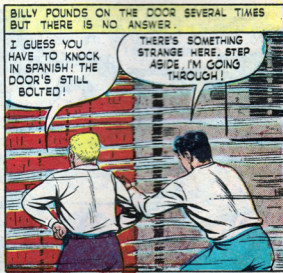
TOMASO  
HOTEL

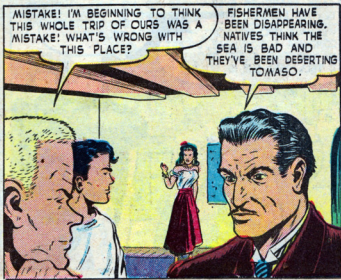
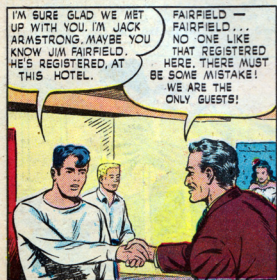


BILLY POUNDS ON THE DOOR SEVERAL TIMES  
BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER.

I GUESS YOU  
HAVE TO KNOCK  
IN SPANISH! THE  
DOOR'S STILL  
BOLTED!

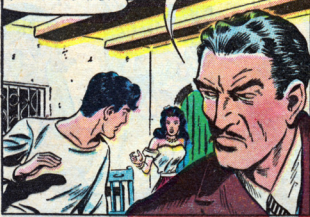
THERE'S SOMETHING  
STRANGE HERE. STEP  
ASIDE, I'M GOING  
THROUGH!







I WOULD SUGGEST YOU OCCUPY THE ROOM NEXT TO MINE AND GET SOME REST. TOMORROW YOU CAN FIND OUT— EH, MR. ARMSTRONG, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



GET AWAY, CONCHITA, YOU FEEBLE-MINDED WRETCH! MUST YOU ANNOY EVERYONE WITH YOUR TALK OF EVIL SPIRITS LIKE ALL THE REST!



SAY, MR. FRENNES, I LEARNED A LITTLE SEISMOLOGY IN SCHOOL, AND I JUST WONDERED HOW IS THE EARTH'S CRUST HERE BENEATH THE LONGITUDINOUS SEA-BOTTOM STRIATIONS?

WHY, UH, NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THEM.



AND A MOMENT AFTER MR. FRENNES SHOWS JACK AND BILLY TO THEIR ROOM...

WHO EVER SAID THAT MAN'S POSTURE WAS MEANT FOR WALKING? I COULD SLEEP FOR A WEEK. SAY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JACK?

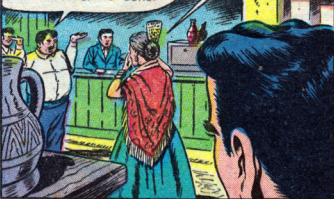
THAT GIRL DOWNSTAIRS STARTED TO SAY SOMETHING AND I DON'T THINK IT HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH EVIL SPIRITS! I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



JACK SEARCHES EVERYWHERE TO NO AVAIL, AND THEN IN THE LOBBY...

WE HAVE LOOKED FOR CONCHITA EVERYWHERE, EXCEPT IN THE TWO GUEST ROOMS. I TELL YOU SHE IS GONE!

OH! MY POOR LITTLE GIRL!

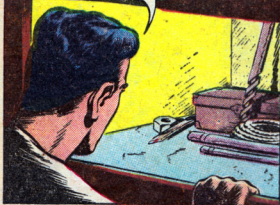


SHE'S GONE AND THEY HAVEN'T LOOKED IN THE GUEST ROOMS. AND WE AND FRENNES AND HIS PARTNERS ARE THE ONLY GUESTS! I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK!



AND IN A MOMENT...

UH-OH! CONCHITA ISN'T HERE, BUT THAT EQUIPMENT PUTS A NEW SLANT ON THIS MYSTERY! NOW TO WAKE BILLY!



IN A FLASH, JACK WAKES BILLY AND...

AHHH! JUST WHEN I WAS STARTING MY FORTY WINKS YOU WAKE ME! BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW FRENNES IS A PHONY, JACK!

BECAUSE I ASKED HIM A PHONY QUESTION ON SEISMOLOGY... AND HE GAVE ME THE WRONG ANSWER! AND THAT EQUIPMENT IN HIS ROOM HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH EARTH TREMORS.



WHERE ARE WE HEADED FOR NOW?

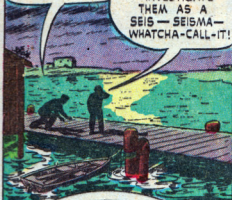
WHERE NO ONE ELSE DARES GO... DOWN TO THE PIER OF THE TOMASO SEA!



SOON...

DO YOU FEEL THOSE TREMORS VIBRATING BENEATH OUR FEET, BILLY?

SURE, JACK, BUT THAT'S WHY FRENNES SAID HE WAS HERE, TO INVESTIGATE THEM AS A SEIS — SEISMA — WHATCHA-CALL-IT!



BUT THESE VIBRATIONS SEEM TO GET STRONGER IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SEA. STEP INTO THIS DINGHY AND WE'LL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING OF OUR OWN!

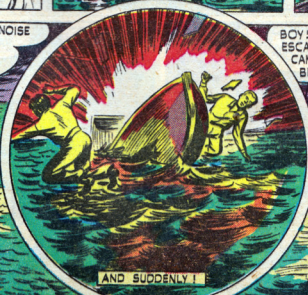


LET'S MAKE AS LITTLE NOISE AS POSSIBLE. I HAVE A HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO RUN INTO TROUBLE!



BOY! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! MUST HAVE BEEN CANNON SHOT WITH A BLAST LIKE THAT.

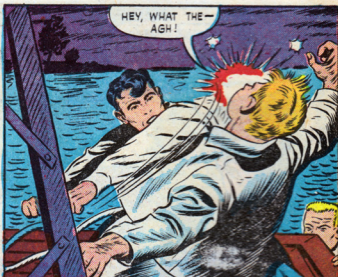
BILLY, LOOK! JUST AS I FIGURED, OIL DRILLING EQUIPMENT. AND THERE'S A MAN WITH A DIVING SUIT. I THINK WE'LL JUST BORROW THAT...



AND SUDDENLY!

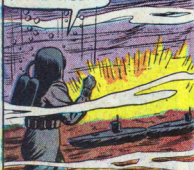






DONNING THE DIVING SUIT, JACK DESCENDS TO INVESTIGATE...

GOSH! THE BOTTOM'S ALL LIT UP LIKE—LIKE A SUBMARINE CITY, THE SUBS SEEM TO HAVE BEEN WELDED TOGETHER AT THE ENDS!



THE GUARD IS LETTING ME IN. HE THINKS I'M ONE OF THEM. NOW IF I CAN JUST STASH THIS IRON SUIT SOMEPLACE!



THE FISHERMEN EVERYONE THOUGHT WERE MISSING! THEY ARE PRISONERS BELOW!



MEESTER! MEESTER!

CONCHITA! SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU.



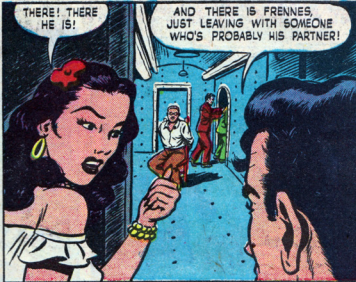
COME WEETH ME, I KNOW  
WHERE IS YOUR MEESTER  
FAIRFIELD. I WANTED TO  
TELL YOU BEFORE HE WAS  
AT THE HOTEL BUT  
MR. FRENNES, HE....

I KNOW,  
I KNOW,  
CONCHITA.  
BUT NOW, FAST,  
LEAD THE WAY  
TO UNCLE JIM!



THERE! THERE  
HE IS!

AND THERE IS FRENNES,  
JUST LEAVING WITH SOMEONE  
WHO'S PROBABLY HIS PARTNER!



JACK, HOW DID  
YOU EVER...?

LATER, UNCLE JIM, RIGHT  
NOW I WANT TO FIND  
OUT WHAT THOSE TWO  
ARE UP TO. CONCHITA  
WILL UNTIE YOU!



I'LL HAVE TO DO  
THIS FAST BEFORE  
THEY CAN CALL FOR  
HELP OVER THAT  
SIGNAL APPARATUS!

—AND AS SOON AS WE'VE  
PUMPED ALL THE OIL OVER TO  
THE FREIGHTERS WE'LL  
SURFACE ALL SUBS AND  
TAKE OFF!



HERE'S SOMETHING THAT OUGHT  
TO HOLD YOU FOR AWHILE!



YOU'VE GOT US FOR  
THE MOMENT, BUT  
WHAT CAN YOU DO?

HHMM...THIS IS A  
SUB AND THAT STUFF  
IS SENDING  
EQUIPMENT...





THIS IS THE BOSS TALKING, MEN. FREE  
ALL PRISONERS AND SURFACE ALL SUBS!  
OIL JOB COMPLETED!

WAIT—  
NO!

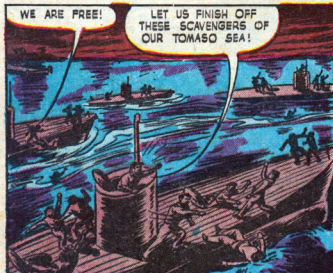


SOON THE SEA IS A WHIRLING MAELSTROM OF  
EMERGING EQUIPMENT...



WE ARE FREE!

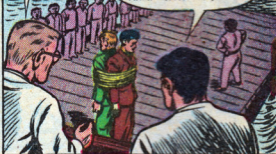
LET US FINISH OFF  
THESE SCAVENGERS OF  
OUR TOMASO SEA!



THE MEN OF TOMASO VANQUISH THEIR  
TORMENTORS... AND SHORTLY AFTER...

BUT WHY DID THEY  
PRETEND TO BE  
SEISMOLOGISTS,  
JACK?

WELL, UNCLE JIM, IF  
ANYONE GOT CURIOUS  
ABOUT THE DRILLING  
VIBRATIONS, THEY COULD  
EXPLAIN IT WAS EARTH  
TREMORS AND GET  
AWAY WITH IT!

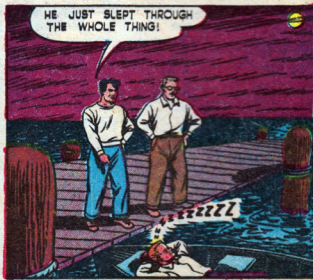


THEY DRILLED AT NIGHT  
AND SINCE THE FISHERMEN  
WORKED AT NIGHT, THEY  
CAPTURED THEM SO  
THEY WOULDN'T REVEAL  
THEIR SECRET!

THEY GOT  
ME AT NIGHT,  
TOO, JACK! SAY—  
WHATEVER  
HAPPENED TO BILLY?

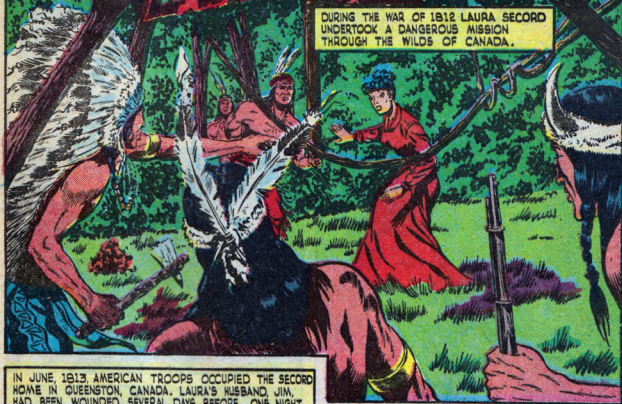


HE JUST SLEPT THROUGH  
THE WHOLE THING!



# DESPERATE MISSION

DURING THE WAR OF 1812 LAURA SECORD UNDERTOOK A DANGEROUS MISSION THROUGH THE WILDS OF CANADA.



IN JUNE, 1813, AMERICAN TROOPS OCCUPIED THE SECORD HOME IN QUEENSTON, CANADA. LAURA'S HUSBAND, JIM, HAD BEEN WOUNDED SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE. ONE NIGHT...



JIM, THE AMERICANS ARE PLANNING AN ATTACK ON THE FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT AT BEAVER DAM.

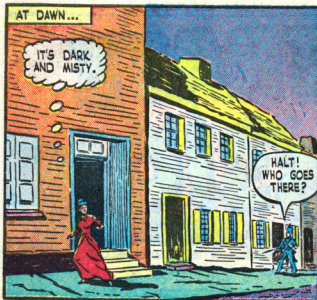
RIGHT—WE'LL SURPRISE THEM, AND WIPE THEM OUT!

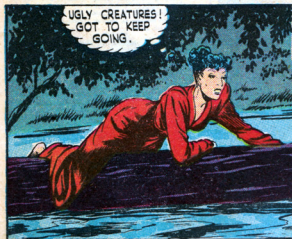


AND I'M HELPLESS—IF THERE WERE SOME WAY TO WARN LT. FITZGIBBON AND HIS MEN.

I'LL GO! I'LL TRY TO GET TO BEAVER DAM!











ALTHOUGH THE WAR OF 1812 ENDED THREE YEARS LATER, FEW BATTLES BETWEEN THE U.S. AND CANADA OCCURRED AFTER THE BEAVER DAM SKIRMISH. PEACE BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES HAS LONG SINCE PASSED THE CENTURY MARK.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1913, AND JULY 2, 1946, OF JACK ARMSTRONG, published bi-monthly at Chicago, Ill., for October 1st, 1948.

State of New York ) ss.  
County of New York ) ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Elliott Caplin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the publisher of the JACK ARMSTRONG and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the time shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1913, and July 2, 1946 (sections 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, in wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Elliott Caplin, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Harold Schwarz, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, C. Theodore Zigman, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated entity, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner, must be given.) PARENTS' INSTITUTE, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.; George J. Black, Treasurer, 138 Gold Street, New York, N. Y.; Horace Reilly Corp., 125 West 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Institute of Advanced Study, 1 William Street, New York, N. Y.; George W. Neumann, Room 4009, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.; State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa; Teachers College, Columbia University, 125 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.; University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut; Chase National Bank, Trustee under Trust Indenture, dated April 4, 1928, 21 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Harry F. Guggenheim, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; George J. Black, Treasurer, 138 Gold Street, New York, N. Y.; Horace Reilly Corp., 125 West 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Institute of Advanced Study, 1 William Street, New York, N. Y.; Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.; State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa; Teachers College, Columbia University, 125 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Lawrence Ullman, LeRoy Avenue, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.; University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut; Chase National Bank, Trustee under Trust Indenture, dated April 4, 1928, 21 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in case where stock or security is held in or by any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such interest is being held; that the said two paragraphs contain statements concerning said stock, bonds, or other securities as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold or exercise such interest in or to such stock, bonds, or other securities than as or under the name of the stock, bonds, or other securities then as so stated by law.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is:

(This information is required from dailies, weeklies, semi-weeklies, and tri-weeklies separately.)

(Signed) ELLIOTT CAPLIN,  
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1948.

(Seal) Ruth Jarvis,  
City notary expires March 30, 1949.

VIC HARDY'S

# CRIME CLUES

a mystery for  
**YOU** to solve!



My guide told me of the increasing number of hunting accidents. He said there ought to be a law compelling every hunter to wear a red hat and shirt.



A stranger approached. He asked us to come with him to his camp. He said he had killed his partner by mistake. We at once went with him.



We travelled a mile to the camp and found the dead man there. His partner said he had carried his friend there from the scene of the accident.



The hunter said they had separated in the morning. In the afternoon he thought he had spotted a deer and fired. Then he discovered he had killed his friend.



I removed the shirt from the body and examined it very carefully. The Hunter said: Had my friend only worn a red shirt this could never have happened.

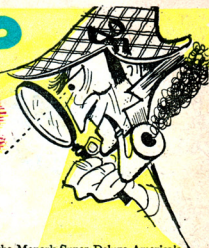
How did I know the hunter had murdered his friend?

## SOLUTION

Because there wasn't a bullet hole in any part of the shirt. Hence the hunter must have killed his friend near camp while he was dressing or wearing another shirt, and then put this shirt on the dead man. Confronted with this deduction the man confessed: He had been stealing furs from the company where they both worked. He had made entries on his friend's accounts. With him out of the way, the blame for the loss would fall on a dead man unable to defend himself. The strangest part of the story is that we later found a red hunting shirt among the possessions of the dead man. But the killer figured if he used the red shirt, no one would believe the story that the shooting had been an accident.



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THERE GOES ANOTHER HIT  
... A SINGLE FOR MILLER!  
KILDUFF'S PULLING UP  
AT SECOND.

WOW—IT'S A  
RALLY! BROOKLYN  
CAN STILL TAKE  
THIS GAME!



NEXT BATTER WAS CLARENCE MITCHELL,  
DODGER PITCHER.

ANOTHER DRIVE...  
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER  
CLEAN HIT!

RUN...  
RUN!



BUT  
CLEVELAND  
SECOND-  
BASEMAN  
WAMBSGANS  
LEAPED  
HIGH INTO  
THE AIR,  
AND ...

GOT  
IT!

HE CAUGHT  
IT... BATTER'S  
OUT!



IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND...

OUT AT SECOND  
... DOUBLE  
PLAY!



AND TURNING ...

ANOTHER OUT!  
IT'S AN UNASSISTED  
TRIPLE PLAY FOR  
WAMBSGANS!



THIS HISTORIC  
SPLIT-SECOND  
FEAT BROKE THE  
BACK OF THE  
BROOKLYN RALLY.  
THE INDIANS WENT  
ON TO WIN THE  
GAME... AND THE  
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